

The Simpsons

"Moaning Lisa"

Written by
Michael L. Reiss

and

Al E. Jean

Table Draft
7/12/89

THE SIMPSONS

"Moaning Lisa"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
MRS. GROSS.....
MR. LARGO.....
JANEY.....
MISS BARR.....
MURPHY.....
MOE.....
HOMER'S LITTLE BOXER....
NEWSMAN.....
CASHIER.....
BOY.....
BOY ONLOOKER.....
CHAMP.....
WOMAN.....
RALPH.....

MOANING LISA

by

Michael L. Reiss and Al E. Jean

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON BATHROOM - MORNING

LISA stands at the mirror, motionless. She sadly stares at her reflection. A clock **TICKS** loudly, O.S. It is an Ingmar Bergman moment. Lisa **SIGHS**. Suddenly, there is a loud **BANGING** at the door, which buckles slightly.
SFX: BANG BANG BANG

HOMER (V.O.)

Lisa, Lisa, you still in there?

What's the problem? Did you fall in?

LISA

(SIGHS)

EXT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOMER stands in his WFL (World Football League) pajamas, outside the door, as Lisa silently exits past him. Suddenly, BART zips by Homer into the bathroom.

BART

Sorry, Dad. Women and children first.

Bart **SLAMS** the door behind him. Homer starts **BANGING** on it.

HOMER

Why, you little...

Homer starts **BANGING** his fists against the bathroom door. Lisa shakes her head and silently exits out of frame.

INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

CLOSE UP of Lisa, staring ahead blankly. PULL BACK to see she is sitting in the eye of the Simpson hurricane. Homer tears up the kitchen like a madman -- **SLAMMING** open cabinets, checking under the toaster, picking up Maggie and checking under her, etc. Bart tags along, enjoying the spectacle, eating cereal from a bowl. MARGE is making their lunches.

HOMER

Where are my keys? Where the devil are
my keys? Who stole my keys? Come on,
I'm late for work.

MARGE

Oh Homer, you'd lose your head if it
wasn't securely fastened to your neck.

Homer **GROANS** in frustration.

BART

Did you check the den?

HOMER

The den! Great idea!

Homer tears off into the den. Bart follows him, carrying the bowl of cereal.

INT. DEN

Homer rummaging through couch, tossing cushions. We see lots of old junk, but not the keys.

BART

Warm... no, cold... cold... colder...
really cold. Ice cold.

HOMER

Do you know where my keys are?

BART

No. I'm talking about your breakfast.

Homer **GROWLS** and advances on Bart ominously.

BART

Did you try the rumpus room?

HOMER

Rumpus room. Great idea!

Homer tears out of den toward the rumpus room. Bart follows with his cereal.

INT. FOYER

Lisa crosses and opens the front door, revealing a set of keys still in the lock.

LISA

Oh Dad...

HOMER

What is it?

Lisa points to the keys in the lock.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GROANS)

Bart and Maggie **APPLAUD**.

HOMER

If I had a nickel for every time I did that... (INCOHERENT MUMBLING).

LISA

(WEARY) Here. (HANDS HOMER KEYS).

Marge walks into the fray, carrying three bag lunches but only two cupcakes.

MARGE

Sorry, everybody. I don't know how to break this to you, but I've only got two cupcakes for the three of you.

BART

Well, Mom, there's one of us who clearly doesn't need any more cupcakes. And his name is...

HOMER

Quiet, you monkey.

LISA

That's all right. I'll do without. A simple cupcake will bring me no pleasure.

Bart and Homer give each other high fives.

BART

Yeah!

HOMER

Hey, hey!

MARGE

Thank you, Lisa. Just for being so nice, I'll give you an extra celery stick.

Lisa **SIGHS**. Marge hands out the lunches.

BART

Hey, Dad. I need some money for milk. Homer reaches in his pocket, and looks shocked.

HOMER

Hmmm. Now, where did I put my
wallet...?

As Homer begins searching the kitchen again, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

MRS. GROSS, the grumpy school crossing guard, sits in a chair at the corner across from school. She turns to see a bunch of **KIDS** staring at her, including Lisa and Bart.

MRS. GROSS

What is it?

BART

We want to cross the street.

MRS. GROSS

So cross the street! What do you want
me to do -- hold your hand?

LISA

Mrs. Gross, there's a bunch of cars
coming right this way.

MRS. GROSS

Don't tell me how to do my job. Now
scoot!

She **WHAPS** Lisa on the behind with her Stop sign. The children all cross the street as a bunch of cars race through the intersection. Cars **SCREECH** to a halt and swerve to avoid kids. **SFX: HORN HONKING, SCREECHING TIRES.** The children race across, dodging traffic, and come to rest on the opposite corner **GASPING** for breath. The kids happily hug and shake hands.

KIDS

(HAPPILY) Yay! We made it!

BART

We're safe!

LISA

(SOMBERLY) Oh, Bart. Are any of us
ever truly safe?

BART

Huh?

She walks off.

INT. MUSIC CLASS - A LITTLE LATER

Lisa sits, holding her baritone sax, with the rest of the school orchestra. The prissy music teacher, MR. LARGO, leads them.

MR. LARGO

All right, class, from the top. One,
two, three...

The **ORCHESTRA BEGINS** an off-key, plodding rendition of "My Country 'Tis of Thee". Mr. Largo conducts.

MR. LARGO (CONT'D)

(SINGING) My country, 'tis of thee.

The **ORCHESTRA SLOGS** through the next two lines of the song. Then at the break after "Of Thee I Sing," Lisa cuts loose with an improvised jazz solo. **MUSIC: IMPRESSIVE BARITONE SAX SOLO.** The rest of the orchestra falls silent and stares at her.

MR. LARGO (CONT'D)

Lisa Simpson...

Lisa keeps **PLAYING**, in a rapture.

MR. LARGO (CONT'D)

Lisa Simpson!

Lisa stops playing.

MR. LARGO (CONT'D)

What was that?

LISA

A blues variation in seven sharps.

MR. LARGO

Just because we have all those sharps

doesn't mean we have to use them.

There's no room for bebop in "My
Country 'Tis Of Thee."

LISA

But, Mr. Largo, that is what my
country's all about. I'm wailing out
for the homeless family living out of
its car. The Iowa farmer whose land
has been taken away by unfeeling
bureaucrats. The West Virginia coal
miner, coughing up his...

MR. LARGO

Well, that's all fine and good, but
Lisa, none of these people are going to
be at the recital next month.

The other kids **LAUGH**. Lisa looks embarrassed.

MR. LARGO (CONT'D)

Now, Ralph, would you show Lisa how it
should be done?

RALPH, an oafish boy, sits next to Lisa, holding a
saxophone. Ralph **BLATS OUT** "My Country 'Tis Of Thee," one
painful note at a time. A couple of notes are way off.

MR. LARGO (CONT'D)

Excellent, Ralph. Now class, from the
top -- one, two, three...

The class begins its **FEEBLE RENDITION** of "My Country 'Tis
Of Thee" from the top. Lisa looks miserable.

INT. LUNCHROOM - LATER THAT DAY

The CHILDREN are eating. Lisa sits at a table with her
friend JANEY, and several other GIRLS. Lisa does not eat
but grimly surveys the scene around her.

LISA

Every day at noon a bell rings and they
herd us in here for feeding time. And
we sit around like cattle, chewing our
cuds, dreading the inevitable.

Across the lunchroom, Bart stands up.

BART

(HOLLERING) Food fight!

JANEY

C'mon, Lis, what are you waiting for?
Chuck that spaghetti!

The lunchroom erupts in a huge food fight.

LISA

I choose not to participate.

Kids **AD LIB**: "Bull's-eye," "Gotcha," "Gross," "Yuck," "Who
did that?," "Gimme that gelatin," "Not with my pudding, you
don't." A huge glob of mashed potatoes **HITS** Lisa in the
face. **SFX: FWOP.** Lisa wipes mashed potatoes away sadly.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Lisa and the other girls are in gym suits. Several of the
girls hold large rubber balls. The gym teacher, MISS BARR,
addresses them.

MISS BARR

Girls, you may throw the balls when I
blow the whistle.

She **BLOWS** her **WHISTLE**. All the girls but Lisa start throwing balls at each other in a heated game of Dodge Ball. Everyone is dodging but Lisa, who stands, nearly catatonic. She gets hit with one ball after another, and finally by several balls at once. Miss Barr **BLOWS** the **WHISTLE** and the game abruptly stops.

MISS BARR (CONT'D)

Lisa, we are playing dodge ball here.
The object of the game is to avoid the
ball by weaving or ducking out of its
path.

LISA

In other words, to dodge the ball.

MISS BARR

Don't get smart with me or I'll have
you circling the field repeatedly.

LISA

You mean "running laps"?

MISS BARR

Listen, Missy, just tell me why you
weren't getting out of the way of those
balls?

LISA

(SADLY) I can't do it.

MISS BARR

There are no "can't"s in my class, only
"won't"s.

LISA

All right. I won't do it.

MISS BARR

Why?

LISA

I'm too sad.

MISS BARR

Too sad? What kind of excuse is that?

Kids **AD LIB**: "Why?," "What did she say?," "Too sad?"

MISS BARR

Too sad to play dodge ball? That's ridiculous. That may cut the mustard in your little art class, or English class, or math class, but not here in my exercise yard. Now, let's see some enthusiasm! Play ball!

Kids **YELL** with enthusiasm. Miss Barr **BLOWS** her **WHISTLE**. Fifty balls come flying at Lisa. She does not move and is submerged beneath the pile of balls.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bart and Homer sit at the TV, about to play a Nintendo-style video boxing game. **SFX: TINNY VIDEO GAME THEME.**

HOMER

Come on, come on. Let's go.

BART

In the red trunks, with a record of
forty-eight wins and no losses, the
undisputed champ of this house,
Battling Bart Simpson. Yay! Yay!
(WHISTLES) And in the lavender trunks,
with a record of zero wins and forty-
eight defeats -- correction,
humiliating defeats -- all of them by
knockout...

HOMER

(QUIET DIGNITY) Must you do this every
time?

BART

...Homer "The Human Punching Bag"
Simpson. Boo! Hiss! Boo!

The game begins. Bart plays with cool aplomb, while Homer
plays in a frenzy. The BOXERS meet in the middle of the
screen. Bart knocks Homer's Little Boxer down with one
PUNCH. SFX: VIDEO GAME "OOF."

BART (CONT'D)

And Homer is down! Three seconds -- a
new record!

HOMER

I'm not down, I'm -- Get up, you!

Homer's Little Boxer gets up, his eye swollen shut. The
intensity and gore of the fight is reminiscent of Raging
Bull.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Okay. Here we go.

BART

Yo, chump, you back again?

Bart flattens Homer's Little Boxer with one **PUNCH** again.
SFX: "OOF". Bart gives a triumphant **CHUCKLE**. Homer's Little Boxer gets up, dazed and wobbling. Both of his eyes are swollen shut. Homer **GROANS**.

Bart's Little Boxer pushes Homer's boxer against the ropes and starts to throw a flurry of viscious **PUNCHES**. Blood sprays from Homer's eyes. Marge and Lisa enter the room, as Homer's Little Boxer struggles to his feet. He's a mess, with animated blood trickling from his nose.

MARGE

Homer?

HOMER

(CONCENTRATING) Not now, Marge. Can't
you see I'm busy?

Bart's Little Boxer is **PUMMELING** Homer's Little Boxer's head like a punching bag. The head vibrates back and forth on its skinny neck.

MARGE

But they sent a note from school. This
could be serious.

Marge holds out note for Homer to read.

HOMER

(CONCENTRATING) Bart, what did you do
this time, you little hoodlum?

BART

Nothin'. I didn't do it. Nobody saw
me do it. There's no way they can
prove anything.

MARGE

No, Bart. This note isn't about you.

BART

It isn't? There must be some mistake.

Bart takes note and reads it, holding it in one hand, as he casually continues the **BEATING** of Homer with the other.

BART (CONT'D)

Hey, you're right. This note is about

Lisa.

Homer looks up, shocked.

HOMER

Lisa?

Bart's Little Boxer gives Homer's Little Boxer one last **WALLOP**. Homer's Little Boxer's head goes flying off, as the body keels over. The head rolls to a stop, grotesquely resting in front of the screen. **SFX: VIDEO GAME RENDITION OF "TAPS."**

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The family watches as Homer reads Lisa's note from school.

HOMER

(READING) "Lisa refused to play dodge ball because she was sad." (PAUSE)
They send a note home for that? (TO LISA) Are you sure you didn't start a fight or break a window, or put deep heating rub in someone's gym shorts?

BART

What's deep heating rub?

HOMER

It's something you put on your back.

BART

Then why would you put it in someone's shorts?

HOMER

Because that way -- (CHUCKLES, THEN REALIZING) Never mind.

BART

Hey, don't we have some of this deep
heating stuff in the medicine cabinet?

HOMER

No, we don't. Forget everything I just
said. Now, Lisa, tell me the truth.
Why wouldn't you play dodge ball?

LISA

Because I was sad.

HOMER

Well, that's easy enough to solve.
Just cheer up!

MARGE

Homer, I don't think that's going to
work.

HOMER

Well, she doesn't look sad. (PEERING
CLOSELY AT LISA) I don't see any tears
in her eyes.

LISA

It's not that kind of sad. I'm sorry,
Dad, but you wouldn't understand.

HOMER

Sure I would, Princess. I have
feelings too. You know, like "I'm
going crazy," and "My stomach hurts."
Why don't you climb on Daddy's knee and
tell him all about it?

Lisa climbs on Homer's knee and looks him deep in the eyes.

LISA

I'm just wondering what's the point?
Why are we here? What difference does
it make?

Homer stares blankly.

HOMER

Er...

Desperate, Homer starts bouncing Lisa on his knee.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Come on, Lisa... ride the Homer horsey.
Giddiyap! Whee!

He stops and examines her hopefully. Lisa is still sad.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Gee, you used to really get a kick out
of that.

LISA

Sorry, Dad. I know you mean well.

She gives him a kiss and climbs off his knee.

MARGE

Lisa, Honey, why don't we go upstairs
and I'll draw you a nice hot bath?
That helps me when I feel sad.

HOMER

(TO LISA) Thanks for knowing I mean
well.

Lisa and Marge exit. Homer looks shocked.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Gee, Marge gets sad, too? What is
this, like the flu?

BART

I don't know, Dad. Looks like you got
a real problem on your hands. You
better do something.

HOMER

All right. Bart, vacuum this floor!

BART

Hey, I didn't do anything wrong. Why
are you punishing me?

HOMER

In times of trouble, you go with what
you know. Now hop to, boy!

BART

(MOANS)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Bart angrily struggles with an upright vacuum cleaner that is taller than he is. Maggie sits on the couch watching.

BART

(GRUMBLES) Stupid Homer... (MUMBLES)

Thinks he's so big... I hate this...

Bart vacuums carelessly, sucking up everything in his path: a bedroom slipper, a ball of yarn which quickly unravels, some jacks which **CLATTER** up the vacuum tube, etc. With each push, Bart **SLAMS** the vacuum into the wall, cracking the paint at the baseboard.

Bart **JAMS** the vacuum under the end table and a deck of cards falls off the table, scattering on the floor. Bart looks around, then noisily vacuums up the cards, which quickly fly into the tube one at a time. **SFX: FWAP FWAP FWAP FWAP FWAP FWAP**. Lisa enters, wrapped in a towel and brushing her (wet) hair.

BART

(MAD) Enjoy your bath?

LISA

No. Not really.

BART

(SARCASTIC) Oh. Too bad. Well I certainly had fun vacuuming. Maybe now I'll get the pleasure of scrubbing your tub.

LISA

(TO MAGGIE) So typical of Bart. All he thinks about is himself.

BART

Don't say stuff like that about me to Maggie. She's on my side anyway.

LISA

Is not.

BART

Is too.

LISA

Is not.

BART

Is too. Watch, I'll prove it. Maggie,
come to the one you love best.

Maggie hops off the couch and crawls towards Bart.

LISA

(DRAGGED INTO IT) No, Maggie!

(BECKONING) Come here, girl. Come to
me.

Maggie starts to veer towards Lisa.

P.O.V. - MAGGIE

It is the **LOW-ANGLE FISH-EYE** perspective of a baby. She
turns to Bart, his beckoning fingers filling the
foreground.

BART

Come on, Maggie. You don't want to go
with old Gloom-and-Doom.

P.O.V. - LISA

LISA

No, Maggie, don't make a superficial
choice.

BACK TO SCENE

Maggie zig-zags between the beckoning Lisa and Bart.

LISA (CONT'D)

Maggie, just go to the one you love
most.

Maggie heads straight between Lisa and Bart, for the TV
behind them. She switches it on and **SUCKS** happily.

SFX: CARTOON MUSIC. On screen, **SCRATCHY**, a cartoon cat, is
strapped in an electric chair. **ITCHY**, a mouse, throws the
switch and the cat fries gruesomely.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

CLOSEUP - TELEVISION SCREEN

Another video boxing match is taking place, with Bart's
Little Boxer **PUMMELING** Homer's Little Boxer, who is already
battered and bleeding.

HOMER

Oh no, come on! Don't let the boy--

Oh no, not again! Don't! Stay up!

Oh!

CUT WIDER to see Homer straining and gyrating and going
berserk as Bart stifles a yawn. Suddenly, Bart and Homer
hear **SAXOPHONE MUSIC** coming from upstairs. **SFX: BLUES ON
SAX.**

Bart's Boxer finishes off Homer's Little Boxer. He's out
cold in the middle of the ring. The **REFEREE** counts him
out. The Referee shakes him trying to revive him, and then
he shakes his own head. The **VIDEO IMAGE CUTS** to Homer's
Little Boxer in an open casket being lowered into a grave.
Bart's Little Boxer dances in triumph nearby.

BART

Gee, Dad, you're really bad at this.

HOMER

I am not. It's just that I couldn't
concentrate with that infernal racket .

(CALLING) Lisa! Lisa!

Homer gets up to talk to Lisa.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lisa sits in a window seat, sadly playing the **BLUES** on her **BARITONE SAX**. After a beat, Homer enters.

HOMER

(ANGRY) Lisa, what did I tell you
about playing that saxophone in the
house when I'm around?

LISA

(SADLY) I was just playing the blues,
Dad.

She starts to **WHIMPER**. Homer immediately turns to mush.
His knees shake.

HOMER

Lisa, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to
yell. Go ahead -- play your blues if
it'll make you happy.

LISA

No, that's okay, Dad. I'll just work
on my fingering. Unless my fingers
clacking on the keys is too loud for
you.

HOMER

(SINCERE) You just clack as loud as
you want.

He edges out of the room and shuts the door gingerly. Lisa
fingers her saxophone without blowing. As she plays,
Lisa's silent song grows in intensity. Suddenly, off in
the distance, we **HEAR SAXOPHONE MUSIC**. **SFX: DISTANT
SAXOPHONE BLUES**.

Lisa pulls the sax out of her mouth, but the **MUSIC CONTINUES**. Puzzled, she runs to the window, opens it, and the **MUSIC GROWS LOUDER**. Carrying her saxophone, Lisa climbs out of her second-story bedroom window, leaps onto a nearby tree branch, and climbs down the treehouse ladder.

EXT. SIMPSON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lisa begins walking down the street.

EXT. STREET - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Lisa passes Berger's Burgers and Howard's Flowers, both of which are closed.

EXT. STREET - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

The **SAX MUSIC** is a **LITTLE LOUDER**. Lisa passes a series of storefronts with garish blinking neon lights: "MOE'S TAVERN", "TATTOOS", "MASSAGE PARLOR", and a sleazy movie theatre. On the marquee a sign reads "KRUSTY THE KLOWN in PARDON MY NOSE -- RATED X".

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The **MUSIC** is **LOUDER** than ever. Lisa sees it is coming from the sax of BLEEDING GUMS MURPHY, an aged musician who plays under a streetlight on the bridge. He stops playing.

LISA

That was beautiful. What's it called?

MURPHY

The "Standing on a Bridge, Out In The
Cold, Disturbing The Neighbors Blues".

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Homer is sitting at the bar with an empty glass in front of him.

MOE

What's the matter, Homer? You haven't
said a word all night.

CAMERA WIDENS to include Homer's Little Boxer standing on the bar stool next to him.

HOMER'S LITTLE BOXER

Just bring him a drink, okay, Moe? And
one for me too.

MOE

Okay.

HOMER

(TO LITTLE BOXER) You shouldn't be
drinking. You're in training.

HOMER'S LITTLE BOXER

No, I ain't. They took my license
away. They said if I fight any more I
could get brain damage.

HOMER

Ooooh, brain damage. Don't want to get
that.

Moe sets a drink down in front of Homer, who downs it in
one gulp.

HOMER

So what are you going to do now that
you're retired?

HOMER'S LITTLE BOXER

Well, I'd like to get into
broadcasting, but until then I got me a
job down at the power plant.

HOMER

Really? What do you do?

HOMER'S LITTLE BOXER

I'm a Technical Supervisor.

CLOSEUP - HOMER

HOMER

But wait a minute! That's my job!

We **PULL OUT** to reveal that Homer is in the video environment, in the corner of the ring wearing boxing shorts. The introductory **MUSIC** starts, the **BELL** is sounded.

HOMER

Oh, no.

P.O.V. - HOMER

Bart's Little Boxer is advancing menacingly. Bart's Little Boxer starts beating Homer up.

HOMER

Oooh! Owwww! Ouch!

Homer is **HIT** with a big roundhouse punch. He's knocked down, flying headfirst into the ropes. He staggers to his feet and starts **POUNDING** at the **CAMERA**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Help me, help me, help me!

We **PULL BACK** to reveal:

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM

Homer is inside the television set **POUNDING** on the screen. Bart, upset, watches.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Bart, help me!

BART

Stop, you big bully! Don't hurt my
Dad! He's just a pathetic old man!
He's weak, he's slow, he's bald, he's
fat. He should just be in Pac-Man,
where all he has to do is eat, eat,
eat.

Bart's Little Boxer starts to PUMMEL Homer. Homer SHRIEKS.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. HOMER AND MARGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer is lying in bed, having a bad dream. On his pillow,
a large pool of drool has seeped from his mouth. Marge
shakes him.

MARGE

Homer, wake up.

Homer gradually comes to.

HOMER

Man, what a nightmare!

MARGE

You okay, honey?

HOMER

(MOANS)

MARGE

Oh, my. Here, let me wipe off the
drool.

Marge wipes the drool off Homer with a Kleenex.

HOMER

You know, Marge, getting old is a terrible thing. I think the saddest day of my life was when I realized I could beat my Dad at most things. And Bart experienced that at the age of four.

MARGE

(MURMURS SYMPATHETICALLY)

HOMER

So why are you still awake?

MARGE

I'm still trying to figure out what's bothering Lisa. I don't know -- they say the middle child is often overlooked.

HOMER

Is this some kind of psychological mumbo-jumbo? Have you been reading Mr. Spock again?

MARGE

No, it's true. Bart's such a handful, and Maggie needs attention -- but how long as it been since you spent time with Lisa?

HOMER

Well... I used to burp her when she was a baby. Sometimes I'd have a beer and we'd burp each other. (CHUCKLES)

MARGE

Yes, Homer, but at least Lisa has moved beyond the burping stage. She's becoming a young woman.

HOMER

Oh, so that's it! This is some kinda underwear thing.

MARGE

(SHAKING HEAD; MURMURS) Good night, Homer.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Lisa is **PLAYING** the **BLUES** on her **BARITONE SAXOPHONE**, while jazzman Bleeding Gums Murphy nods and listens.

MURPHY

(AS SHE PLAYS) Now -- low B-flat.

Lisa's **MUSIC** drops an octave to **PLAY** a difficult **LOW NOTE**.

MURPHY (CONT')

Okay, Lisa -- altissimo register.

Lisa's **MUSIC** jumps up two octaves. Her eyes bulge as she plays one last very high note.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Very nice, very nice. I once ruptured myself doing that.

LISA

Thanks, Mr. Murphy.

MURPHY

My friends call me Bleeding Gums.

LISA

Ew! How'd you get a name like that?

MURPHY

Well, let me put it this way. You ever been to a dentist?

LISA

Yeah.

MURPHY

Not me. I suppose I should go, but I got enough pain in my life.

LISA

I know what you mean. I have problems, too.

MURPHY

Well, I can't help you, kid. I'm just a terrific horn player with tons of soul. But I can jam with you.

LISA

Okay.

Murphy starts to **PLAY** the **BLUES**. Lisa joins in. They play several bars together, then Murphy starts to **SING**.

MURPHY

(SINGING) I'm so lonely since my baby
left me. I got no money and nothing is
free. I been lonely since the day I
was born. All I got is this rusty old
horn.

Murphy resumes **PLAYING** his **SAX**.

LISA

(SINGING) I got a bratty brother. He
bugs me every day. And this mornin' my
own mother gave my last cupcake away!
My Dad acts like he belongs in the zoo.
I'm the saddest kid in grade number
two.

They both **PLAY** a big finish, then stop.

MURPHY

You know, you play pretty well for
someone with no real problems.

LISA

Yeah, but I don't feel any better.

MURPHY

The blues isn't about feeling better.
It's about making other people feel
worse and making a few bucks while
you're at it. Which reminds me, if
you're ever in the neighborhood, I'm
playing at a little club called the
Smokey Note...

Marge drives up.

MARGE

Lisa, get away from that jazzman!

LISA

But Mom, can't I--

MARGE

Come on, come on. We were worried
about you.

Lisa gets in the car. Murphy starts **PLAYING** the **SAXOPHONE**.
Lisa waves to him from the back seat of the car. Murphy
waves back as he continues to **WAIL** away.

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Homer sits on the couch watching TV. He stuffs his face from a bag labeled "Pork Rinds Lite."

NEWSMAN (V.O.)

Today's fire raced through downtown
Springfield gutting Symphony Hall, the
Springfield Museum of Natural History,
the Springfield Arts Center...

Homer is impassive.

NEWSMAN (V.O. CONT'D)

and Barney's Bowl-a-Rama.

A distraught Homer **CHOKES** on his pork rinds.

Homer exits to kitchen.

HOMER

Oh, no! Marge, Marge. Did you hear...

INT. KITCHEN

Marge is pacing, MURMURING to herself.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Marge, are you all right?

MARGE

No, I'm too upset.

HOMER

Then you've heard. Oh, God. What are we doing to do? The lanes were kinda warped but, oh, the food! I'm going to miss the Eleventh Frame Lounge.

MARGE

I'm upset about Lisa.

HOMER

Oh. Me too.

Bart enters.

BART

Me three. What are we talking about?

MARGE

Do you think you're being nice enough to your sister, Bart?

BART

Oh, yeah. Easy.

MARGE

You do love her, don't you?

BART

(MUTTERS) Oh, Mom.

MARGE

Well you do, don't you?

BART

Don't make me say it. I know the answer, you know the answer, he knows the answer, let's just drop it.

MARGE

Okay, Bart, you don't have to say it, but you do have to have a loving attitude. Be nice to your sister.

BART

Okey dokey.

Bart exits.

INT. FOYER

Lisa is coming down the stairs with her saxophone. She and Bart stare at each other.

BART

Hi, man.

LISA

I don't want your pity.

BART

Come on, I'll cheer you up.

LISA

How?

BART

Follow me, man. Don't ask questions.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - DAY

Bar patrons are watching TV, where the scorched remnants of a Picasso painting, a burned bass fiddle, and a melted bowling ball are being shown. The TV is a small black and white model.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

Moe picks up the phone.

MOE

(ON PHONE) Moe's Tavern. Home of the
world's smallest big-screen TV. Moe
speaking.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Bart is on the phone. Lisa watches him.

BART

Is Jacques there?

MOE (V.O.)

(INTO PHONE) Jacques who?

BART

Last name is Strap.

MOE

Hold on. (CALLS OUT) Jacques Strap!
Jacques Strap! I'm looking for a
Jacques Strap!

BARFLIES

(CHUCKLE)

MOE (V.O.)

(INTO PHONE) Wait a minute -- Jacques
Strap? Why, you cowardly little runt.
One of these days I'm going to get hold
of you and gut you like a fish and
drink your blood.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE

Bart is rolling around on the floor, **LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY**.
Lisa looks on, unmoved. Bart sees this and stops laughing.

BART

Lis, the guy said he was going to gut
me like a fish and drink my blood.

(PAUSE) Where's your sense of humor?

LISA

(SIGHS)

Marge enters.

MARGE

Lisa, you'll be late for band practice.
Let's go.

EXT. VIDEO STORE - DAY

Homer walks up to a building labeled "RAIDERS OF THE LOST
QUARTERS VIDEO ARCADE". **SFX: VARIOUS ASSORTED BEEPS AND
ELECTRONIC HUMS** coming from inside. We also **HEAR CHILDREN**
playing the various games. Homer looks around to make sure
nobody sees him, then ducks inside.

INT. VIDEO ARCADE - CONTINUOUS

Homer enters to see various exotic video games including
PAC-RAT, NUCLEAR WINTER, and ESCAPE FROM GRANDMA'S HOUSE.
He looks around and realizes he is the only person over age
12 in the whole place, except for the cashier, who sits in
a little glass booth. Homer approaches him.

HOMER

Gimme some quarters. (COVERING) I'm
doing my laundry.

CASHIER

(SARCASTIC) Yeah, right.

Homer hands him a bill and the cashier gives him a big bag of quarters. He approaches a little BOY who is playing a game labeled ROBERT GOULET DESTROYER (we hear a MAN SING "I Gotta Be Me" followed by an EXPLOSION).

HOMER

Hey, peanut! Where's the video boxing?

BOY

You the repair man, Tubs? Then why
don't you start with Air Hockey?

HOMER

(GROWLS)

The kid zips off. Homer spies the video boxing machine which has a LARGE CROWD OF KIDS hanging around it. TWO BOYS are playing the game -- one of them, a cool kid in sunglasses, is the CHAMP. He plays one-handed while drinking a milkshake, and is winning with ease.

HOMER

(RE: CHAMP) Hey, that kid's pretty
good.

BOY ONLOOKER

Good? Are you kidding? Over two
thousand fights, and he's still on his
original quarter.

The Champ effortlessly knocks out his opponent, then turns to the crowd.

CHAMP

Okay? Who's next?

KIDS

(WAVING QUARTERS) Me! Me! Me!

HOMER

(TOWERING OVER CROWD WITH HIS BAG OF
QUARTERS) No, me!

As Homer goes up to the game.

HOMER

Listen -- can you teach me to fight
like you do?

CHAMP

I don't know. You're old... out of
shape...

HOMER

Aw, come on. Please, please!

CHAMP

...but I see a spark. A desire. The
same hungry look I used to have in my
prime. Old man, you got yourself a
deal.

HOMER

Yippee!

He eagerly but clumsily sticks a quarter in the machine as
we

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. ARCADE - SOMETIME LATER

Homer's bag of quarters is empty. All but a couple of the kid onlookers have dispersed. Homer and the Champ are at the machine, both sweating, exhausted and bedraggled. We HEAR some MUSIC from the machine.

CHAMP

Looks like you're out of quarters.

The Champ backs away from the machine.

HOMER

That's okay. You really showed me something. Thanks to you I'm really going to pound the tar out of my kid tonight. You know, you're really good at this game.

CHAMP

Yeah, but ya know, it's hard being the champ. Every eight-year-old that comes to town with a roll of quarters wants to take a shot at you. I wonder if I'm wasting my time.

HOMER

Nonsense! When I was young, I used to play pinball night and day.

CHAMP

Oh my God!

A WOMAN approaches.

WOMAN

(TO CHAMP) Howie! I thought I told
you to stop wasting your money in this
stupid place.

CHAMP

Uh, sorry, Mom.

The Champ's Mom turns to Homer, waving a finger.

WOMAN

And you! A man of your age! You
should be ashamed of yourself!

HOMER

Excuse me. I think I hear my wife
calling.

Homer runs away.

INT. MARGE'S CAR - DAY

Marge and Lisa drive along silently. Marge pulls up to the
school to drop Lisa off for band practice.

MARGE

Now Lisa, I want you to smile today.

LISA

I don't feel like smiling.

MARGE

Well, it doesn't matter how you feel inside, you know. It's what shows up on the surface that counts. You may feel sad now, but if you smile, people will respond to you. You'll fit in. You'll be invited to parties and have fun, your life will shape up... and boys will like you... and happiness will follow.

Lisa attempts a small smile.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Come on. You can do better than that.

Lisa smiles more broadly.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Ah, that's my girl.

LISA

I feel more popular already.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - CONTINUOUS

Lisa heads for the entrance to the school, the grin frozen on her face. Ralph, the oafish boy in the band, approaches. Marge sits in the station wagon, watching.

RALPH

Hey, nice smile, Lisa.

LISA

(BRAVELY) Thanks.

RALPH

You know, I used to think you were some sort of a brain, but I guess you're okay.

LISA

Great!

RALPH

Have you ever done anyone else's homework?

LISA

No.

MARGE

(MURMURS OF ANNOYANCE)

RALPH

It's fun. You'll like it. Come over to my house after practice.

LISA

Well, okay.

MARGE

(MURMUR OF EXTREME ANNOYANCE)

CLOSE UP - MARGE'S FACE

Marge **GUNS** the car and drives onto the lawn. She fishtails the car, yanks Lisa inside and drives off in one swoop.

MARGE

Lisa, I apologize to you. I was wrong.
I take it all back. Always be
yourself. Act like who you are. You
want to be sad, honey, be sad. We'll
ride it out with you. And when you get
finished feeling sad, we'll still be
there.

LISA

Okay, Mom.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - DAY

Homer and Bart are on the couch getting ready to play video
boxing. Homer is smiling.

BART

(BORED) Hoo boy, here we go again.
I'm going to knock you out one more
time and that's it. This is getting
boring, man.

HOMER

(COYLY) Just try not to kill me too
hard, son. Heh, heh, heh.

On the TV screen, Bart's boxer comes out and takes two
swings at Homer's boxer. Homer's boxer dodges them both,
then lands a punch of his own. **SFX: WHAM!**

BART

What the?!

HOMER

Kid, tonight's not your night.

Homer's boxer pummels Bart's boxer mercilessly. Bart's boxer appears dazed, his knees wobbling. Bart is surprised and worried.

BART

Homer, what got into you?

HOMER

I'll tell you the truth, boy. (BEAT) I was just letting you win those other fifty-three times.

Bart's boxer heads for the ropes. Homer's boxer moves in for the kill.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(IMITATING RING ANNOUNCER) And the crowd is on its feet as Hurricane Homer moves in for the kill.

Marge and Lisa enter, holding hands.

MARGE

Boys, I'd like your attention please.

HOMER

And the fans are going wild!

MARGE

Homer!

HOMER

Quiet, Marge. This is my big moment.

Marge GRUNTS.

HOMER

Homer winds up for a roundhouse right and...

Homer's boxer winds up and aims a vicious punch at Bart. Just before it lands, the TV goes off, the picture fading into a point of light which then disappears. **SFX: TV GOING OFF.**

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SHRIEKS) Oh, noooo!

We see Marge is holding the plug to the TV, which she has pulled out of the wall. Lisa stands next to Marge, holding her sax.

HOMER (CONT'D)

My game! My game! I coulda beat the boy! I was so close.

MARGE

I just want a little quiet while we're paying attention to Lisa.

BART

Whatever you say, Mom. I would just like to use this occasion to announce my retirement, undefeated, from the world of video boxing.

MARGE

Now, Lisa. I'm going to act like the mother I am, so we are all going to do whatever you feel like doing tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. SMOKEY NOTE NIGHTCLUB

A predominantly black hipster crowd makes the Simpsons look very out of place.

MURPHY

I'd like to dedicate this next song to
every sad little girl in the world.
It's a little thing I just wrote called
"Blues For Lisa."

He starts to **PLAY.** The **BAND JOINS IN.**

LISA (TO MARGE)

You know, Mom. I don't feel so sad any
more.

FADE OUT:

THE END